THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1747.

Original Poetry.

ROSALIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

You might not have thought her an angel to see,
But she loved me, and so she was perfect to me;
You might not have put her name first in your prayer,
But I loved her, and so it was sure to be there.

The years are so many I scarcely dare say
Their number, since Rosie and I were at play
Beneath the old apple tree, knotty and low,
That grew by the homestead a long time ago.

The homestead! I build it again and again,
The blue morning-glories about it I train;
I see the long-travelled road, dusty and wide,
With slim and black iron-weeds growing each side.

I drain from the ... well the water so sweet—
I see from the doorway the gold-headed wheat,
The corn, as the young blades begin to unclose,
And my father a-ploughing between the green rows.

I see the clear run, with the clovery brink;
And the cows wading slowly along it to drink;
The woods, at the end of the meadow hard by,
Like an emerald battlement built under the sky.

The garden, I see, with its sweet-smelling hops,
The palings with hollyhocks over the tops,
The porch, with the window that looks to the west,
And the children, but Rosie is not with the rest.

I say 'tis the harvest, and I for awhile
Am kept by the gleaning away from her smile;
Or that 'tis the raining of peach-blossoms bright
On the slope of the orchard hill keeps her from sight.

To you the poor cheating of fancy might be
Less idle—alas! it is nothing to me;
I loved her, and see through all pictures, her bed,
With a stone at the foot and a stone at the head.

New York, Jan., 1855.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,
AUTHOR OF "ONE YEAR OF WEDLOCK," "THE BRIDE OF OMBERG," ETC., ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELBERT PERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES.

Three days had elapsed since Victor had played the part of a postboy, and he had not received his expected reward.

This delay was rendered still more unpleasant and vexatious by Edwin, who well remembered Victor's former arrogance, and continually inquired, with malicious satisfaction:

"Have you visited the widow yet? or do you prefer to remain at home and wait patiently until she again requires your services as her postillion of love?"

"Trouble me no longer with your silly questions. Leave me at peace!" said Victor, fretfully, for his stock of patience was entirely exhausted.

At length the morning of the fourth day arrived.

...

be considered, and honor is a more delicate mistress than self-esteem."

"Do you consider the matter so strictly, then?"

"My conscience sometimes accuses me for having mingled in the affair at all. Why should we, a couple of young fellows who became smitten with a beautiful woman against her will, endeavor to force ourselves into her house without her consent?"

"Particularly," added Edwin, "when I must confess that I am not so deeply in love with her. I told her so in my letter."

"What!" exclaimed Victor, "did you tell her that?"

"Yes. I did not know how I could express my deep and disinterested sympathy for her in a better manner."

"Blockhead!" exclaimed Victor; "such a display might be allowable in me, but in you—oh, that is unpardonable!"

"Rather say it was policy. I did not perform my part stupidly, I assure you; but she is unlike any woman I have yet seen, nothing can kindle either her love or indignation."

"You received a decided refusal to your suit, however, did you not?"

"Right. But that would not cause my ardor to diminish. Obstacles only increase a man's determination to conquer them."

"In the meantime," said Victor, "let us promise each other not to watch her movements, and especially not to set others on the watch. That would be contemptible."

"But hark, there is some one coming."

A servant entered the room, and presented a letter to Edwin.

"What is that?" inquired Victor, as soon as the servant had departed.

"It is a letter from Sophia—I left her only two hours ago—I wonder what she has to say now?"

"Open the letter, quick!" said Victor.

"What," replied the Rector, "have you so soon forgotten the dictates of conscience and honor? That would be contemptible. Let us be two heroes, and burn the letter."

"But at all events—"

"But at all events honor should be respected. I will procure a match."

"The temptation is so strong," muttered Victor, half discontentedly, half vanquished.

"The stronger the temptation, the greater is the honor in conquering it."

Victor did not reply.

"Now let us come to a resolution," continued Edwin, "shall we burn the letter, and give up the widow and our contract, and start to-morrow morning for a watering place?"

"Could you do that?"

"I can do anything that I am determined to do."

"But we promised to spend a month longer with our mother."

"We can persuade her to accompany us. So the matter is settled. We will make an end of the whole affair."

The Rector procured a lamp, and opened a box of matches.

"Wait a moment, I really believe I am in fetters. I cannot leave her, and I fear I have not the courage to entreat you to burn the letter."

"Yes, thus it ever is. We have a superabundance of good advice and precepts for others; but when we apply them to ourselves we falter—"

"Enough. Open the letter." Victor spoke these words with a great effort, but in a tone of decision.

Immediately the seal was broken, and Edwin read as follows:—

...

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

SANS SOUCI'S LAST FUN.

> A dream is on my soul.
> I see a slumberer crowned with flowers and smiling,
> As in delighted visions on the brink
> Of a dread chasm. —*Hemans.*

When the sulky sleighing party reached Luckenough, they found Commodore Waugh not only up and waiting, but in the highest state of self-satisfaction, a blessing of which they received their full share of benefit, for the old man, in the overflowing of his joy, had ordered an oyster supper, which was now all ready to be served smoking hot to the chilled and hungry sleigh riders.

"I wonder what's out now?" said Jacquelina, as she threw off her wrappings, scattering them heedlessly on the chairs and floor of the hall. "Some awful calamity has overtaken some of Uncle Nick's enemies. Nothing on earth but *that* ever puts him into such a jolly humor. Now we'll see! I wonder if it is a ...

...

me in that hour what to say! I trust to be able to save both without blaming either."

"Do you suppose that hints, innuendos, vague warnings, would make any impression?"

"Coming from me they *would*."

"Heavens! What a self-worshipper! 'Coming from me they would!' The tone in which you spoke that 'me!' How it betrayed that spirit of self-adulation which distinguishes you! Yes, self-love is your only affection!—self-worship your only religion!—self-adulation your only enthusiasm! Selfishness is your normal state. You do not desire to be loved—you need only to be praised. The love I offered you, you trampled under foot! You have no heart; you have only a brain—you cannot love—you can only think! Nor have you any need of love, but only of power. Applause is your native air, your vital breath! To know your name and praise on every tongue—that is your highest ambition. Such a woman should be a Gorgon of ugliness, that men might not waste their hearts' wealth upon her!" said Thurston, bitterly, gazing with murky eyes, smouldering with suppressed passion, upon the beautiful girl before him.

This conversation had occurred upon the beach.

Marian was standing with her eyes fixed abstractedly upon a distant sail. Now the tears swelled under the large white eyelids and hung quivering on the level lashes, and her lip trembled and her voice faltered slightly as she answered,

"You see me through a false medium, dear Thurston."

"Why? because I do not join your adulators? Because I do not help to build up a pride already too towering?"

"The time will come, when you will know me as I am."

"I fancy the time has come! It has also come for me to enlighten you a little. And in the first place, fair queen of *minds*, if not of *hearts*, let me assure you that there is a limit even to ...

...

Leaving the two conspirators to improve and perfect their plot, we must return to the breakfast parlor at Lindenwald. The family were assembled around the table. Doctor Grimshaw's dark, sombre and lowering looks, enough to have spread a gloom over any circle, effectually banished conversation from the room. Martin Van Buren was unusually grave, but he was not disposed to mope, for he had a spice of raising from the table. Rather wishing to be by himself, he ordered his carriage and drove off.

"My own dear Jacqueline, forgive your father this morning. I feared the success of his plans depended entirely upon his not seeing you until the Sixth, this evening at dusk. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

She hastily crumpled the note, and thrust it into her pocket. Just as Jacqueline's quickened fears looked over her shoulder, she said:

"You're going to stay all day with me, Marian?"

"Yes, love—that is, till after dinner. Then I shall have to beg of Mrs. Waugh the use of the carriage to go home."

"Well, then, I will ride with you, Marian, and return in the carriage. I say, Harlan Grim' has not hanged himself yet, has never mind, what's delayed may yet be paid?"

"Oh, love, you must not talk so! don't you know that by saying cruel things that he has reason long entertained, (What innocence of the 'mouth dollish.' If you have suffered wrong, do no wrong; leave your case to the all-powerful, all-seeing, righteous Judge. I'm a mere matter of wisdom. I would not return wrong for wrong, lest you injure my own cause before the court of Heaven."

All the company, with the exception of Mrs. Waugh, Marian and Jacqueline, had left the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Waugh was locking her china closet, and when she had done, she took her bunch of keys, and turning to Marian, said,

"Hehe, dear, I want you to go with me and see poor old Cracked Nell. She is staying in one of our quarters. I think she has not long to live, and I want you to talk to her."

"Now?"

"Yes, dear, I am going to carry her some breakfast. So, come along, and get your mantle," said the good woman, opening out through the door.

Marian followed, drawing over her pocket-handkerchief to tie over her head, and as she did so, the note, unperceived by her, fluttered out, and fell upon the carpet. Jacqueline instantly darted upon it, picked it up, opened, and read it. Had Jacqueline first paused to reflect, she would never have done so under such a hasty act. But when did the elf ever stop to think? As she read, her eyes began to twinkle, and her feet to jacket up and down, and her hand to sway from side to side, as if she could scarcely keep from singing and dancing for glee.

"Well, now, who'd a thought it? Thunder making love to Marian! And keeping the courtship close, too, for fear of her father. Wee Lord! But look here! This was not right of me! Am I a pocket editor of Miss Nancy Skinny? Forbid it, Dikaia, Queen of the Fairies! But I didn't steal it—I found it! And I read, eh! I may 'plead Grim' a little with this! Forgive me, Marian, but for the life and soul of me, I can't help burping this to plague Grim! You see, I promised to pay him when he charged me with swallowing an imagination, and now if I don't pay him, I don't make him perquite till he faints, my name is not Mrs. Professor Ignatius Grimshaw! Let's see! What shall I do? Oh! Why can't I pretend to lose it, just as Marian lost it, and drop it where he'll find it? I have it! Hahaha!" soliloquized the dancing elf, as she plaited her handkerchief to the bottom of her pocket, and the note on top of it, and passed on to the drawing-room to hide her time."

That room empty. She found the professor and the Commodore standing in the middle of the room, in an earnest conversation, which, however, seemed none the worse for as she left her seat, the Commodore said,

"Very well—I'll attend to it, Nate," and clapped his hot upon his head, and went out, while the professor dropped himself into a chair, and took up a book.

"Oh, stop! I want to speak to you a minute, uncle," cried Jacqueline, starting up and flying after him, and as she flew, pulling out her handkerchief and letting the note drop upon the floor. A swift, but well-practiced glance told her that Grim' had pounced upon it like a panther on its prey.

"What the d—l's come over you running after me for?" burst forth the old man, as Jacko overtook him.

"Why, uncle, I want to know if you'll please to give orders in the stables to have the carriage wheels washed off nicely? They neglect it. And I and Marian want to see if this after noon."

"Go to the deuce! Is that my business?" Jacqueline laughed, and, tittering through every fibre of her frame with mischief, went back into the drawing-room to see the state of Grim'.

To Jacqueline's surprise she found the note lying upon the table, where she had dropped it. Doctor Grimshaw was standing with his back towards her, looking out of the window. She could not see the expression of his countenance. She stooped and picked up the note, but had scarcely replaced it in her pocket before Doctor Grimshaw abruptly turned, walked up, and stood before her and looked in her face. Jacqueline could scarcely suppress a scream—it was as if a ghost had come before her, so blanched was the color, so ghastly his features. An instant he gazed in her eyes, and then passed and and raved to place. Jacqueline turned slowly around, looking after him like one magnetized. Then recovering herself, with a deep breath she said.

"Now I ask of all the powers that be! gentle-ness, what's the meaning of this?" He picked up the note and he read it, that's certain! and he dropped it there again to see if he would see he had never seen it, that's certain, too! I wonder what he means to do! There'll be fun of some sort, anyway! Sing! here comes Marian from the quarters! I shouldn't wonder if she has learned her note, and hurried back in search of it! Come! I'll take a kiss from Grim', and drop it where I found it, and say nothing!" And so sallooping the fairy glided back into the breakfast-room, let the note fall, and turned every just in time to allow Marian to enter, glance around, and pick up her lost treasure. Then joining Marian, she twisted her up stairs to look at some new finery just come from the city.

The fashions passed heavily at Lockenough. When the dinner-hour approached, and the family collected in the dining-room, Doctor Grimshaw was missing; and when a messenger was sent to call him to dinner, an answer was returned that the professor was unwell, and preferred to keep his room.

Jacqueline was quivering between fun and fear—anger, resentment, and triumph, but long ever her like a cloud, darkening her bright fairy spirit with a woful prophecy of storm.

After dinner Marian asked for the carriage, and Mrs. Waugh gave orders that it should be brought round for her use. Jacqueline prepared to accompany Marian home and in an hour they were ready, and off.

"You may tell Grim', if he asks after me, that I am gone home with Marian to Old Fields, and that I am not certain whether I shall return to-night or not," said Jacqueline, as she took leave of Mrs. Waugh.

"My dear Lapwing, if you love your old aunty, come immediately back in the carriage. And, by-the-way, my dear, I wish that you would, either in going or coming, take the post-office and get the letters and papers," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Let it be in going, then, Mrs. Waugh; for I have not been to the post-office for two days, and there may be something there for us also," said Marian.

"Very well, bright Hebe: as you please, of course," replied good Hortense.

And so they parted. But either dream how many vane would rise and set—how many sun-rises come and go—how many years roll by before they two should meet again!

The carriage was driven rapidly on to the village, and down up at the inn—there the Oliver jumped down, and went in to make the necessary inquiries. They had to wait impatiently until he reappeared, bringing one large letter. There was nothing for Lockenough.

The great double letter was for Marian. She took it, and as the carriage was started again, and driven towards Old Fields, she examined the post-mark and superscription. It was a foreign letter, sealed with London arms, superscribed in the hand-writing of her eldest living friend, the potter who had attended her brother in his prison and at the scene of his death.

Marian, with tearful eyes and eager heart, broke the seal and read, while Jacqueline watched her. For more than half an hour Jacko watched her, and then impatience overcame discretion in the bosom of the fairy, and she suddenly exclaimed,

"Well, Marian! I do wonder what can ail you! You grow pale, and then you grow red, your bosom heaves, the tears come in your eyes, you clasp your hands tightly together as in prayer—then you smile and raise your eyes as in thanksgiving! Now I do wonder what it all means!"

"It means, dear Jacqueline, that I am the most grateful creature upon the face of the earth, just now; and to-morrow, I will tell you why I am so!" said Marian, with a rosy smile. And well she might be most grateful and most happy, for thus letter had brought her assurance of France beyond her greatest hopes. Her father was free! Free! and on his way home! The good she would now be enabled to do! The joy that she felt! Her heart was full—her head turned—the grove, the carriage, the road, and Jacqueline, all seemed to vanish from her sight. She lived for a moment in a world of her own. Then she remembered her companion, and would be excited anxiety and curiosity. "I can't tell you to-day, Jacqueline; I cannot keep this blessed news from him a day longer than necessary; for this letter is dated the 20th of May, and it has been on the road for more than a month. To-morrow, love, you shall know all!"

"Oh, bother, you must not talk so! don't you know that by saying cruel things that he has reason long entertained, (What innocence of the 'mouth dollish.' If you have suffered wrong, do no wrong; leave your case to the all-powerful, all-seeing, righteous Judge. I'm a mere matter of wisdom. I would not return wrong for wrong, lest you injure my own cause before the court of Heaven."

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. Postage, to any part of the country, 26 cents a year.

In addition to the above terms, the Post continues the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

5 — (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$9,00
11 — (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	18,00
20 — (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	29,00

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay that sum United States postage.

Remittances may be made at our risk—Any person may act the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the Club is not already complete, and commence to end at the same time those of the main list do. We cannot promise to supply every one with specimens if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and then prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in before the Club paper is begun, a short credit may be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Persons desiring to have sending for Club, would confer a favor by having them send to our address, when they can be conveniently done.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live, as *there are many post-paid.*

Persons about

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 9th, General Cass offered a resolution, inviting the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War, now in attendance on the Convention of Old Soldiers, in session in this city, to occupy seats upon the floor of the Senate. Passed.

Mr. Douglas presented a bill in favor of the construction of the Pacific Railroad and a collateral magnetic telegraph. Read and referred.

Gen. Shields, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported back, with amendments, the bill for the reorganization of the army, and moved that it be printed. Agreed to.

Mr. Brodhead presented the petition of the citizens of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, praying for the extension of the Bounty Land law. Referred.

The Judiciary Reform Bill was then again taken up.

Mr. Geyer renewed his motion to amend, by striking out the first section.

Mr. Dawson—Do I understand this to be a test question as to whether the Senate will agree to change the judicial functions of the Supreme Court Judges?

Mr. Fessenden—Yes.

Mr. Bell—It is settled on all hands that something ought to be done. My judgment is in favor of the representative system, and, if practicable, to allow the Judges to have that leisure which the bill of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] contemplates. It is the popular view of the subject that the Judges should, in some measure, be made the representatives of the feelings of the different sections. I hope some plan will be settled upon whereby the old representative system of Supreme Court will be preserved.

Mr. Mason—The proposition to strike out the first section is to test the sense of the Senate, whether it is in favor of dispensing with the circuit services of the United [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Etheridge gave notice of an amendment confining the benefits of the bill to native-born citizens and persons now naturalized.

Mr. Campbell moved that the bill and amendments be laid upon the table. The motion was disagreed to—yeas 65, nays 9[illegible]. Before disposing of the subject the morning hour expired.

On motion of Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, the Committee on Military Affairs was instructed to inquire into the expediency of extending the Armed Occupation Act to the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, with a view to the suppression of Indian hostilities in those territories.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Pacific Railroad Bill.

Mr. Latham spoke in favor of establishing a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and Shanghai, touching at the Sandwich Islands. He argued to show that the colonization and settlement of California by our own race would have a similar influence on Asia to that which the discovery and settlement of this country had on Europe. The establishment of such a line would add substantially to the wealth and power of this entire country. California and Oregon are to play a part like that which ancient Egypt played in the civilization of the rest of the world. San Francisco will become the modern Alexandria, through which the wealth and magnificence of Asia will be poured into our lap. We will have an extensive trade with Japan, China, and the Indian Archipelago. Commerce is a greater civilizer than war. Should this bill pass, it will go further to effect these important results than any other measure involving no greater appropriation of money. He proceeded to show, in glowing language, the effects of our trade with those nations, and the geographical advantages which we possess for the establishment of such a line of steamships, and among them the very important one of shortening the distance between China and the United States. He incidentally spoke of the necessity of a Railroad to the Pacific, and pressed the passage of the Steamer Bill on the ground of humanity, civilization, commerce and navigation, predicting that it would largely contribute to the progress, power and grandeur of the American people.

When he had concluded, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 10th, the bill to amend the Land Graduation Act was announced the first in order. To this act was pending Mr. Dawson's amendment giving a homestead of 160 acres, at 12½ cents per acre, on condition of actual settlement and cultivation.

After some unimportant discussion, the question was stated on agreeing to Mr. Dawson's amendment, providing in substance that any free person, the head of a family and citizen of the United States shall be entitled to enter a quarter section of land at 12½ cts. per acre, to be paid at the expiration of five years from the date of entry. The fifth section proposes similar benefits to any individual non-resident of any State or Territory, and not a citizen of the United States, but who at the time of the [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

LORD RAGLAN.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 11.

ASHES—The market is quiet but firm at $6.75a6.87½ for Pots, and $7.25 for Pearls.

COTTON—Market quiet, prices unchanged.

FLOUR—There is a good degree of firmness in the low grades of State and Western Flour, and it is difficult to buy the former at our inside figures; demand is fair for export, but little doing for home trade or the East. The better brands sell slowly, but are steady; arrivals are fair by railroad. The sales of Western Canal are 4,300 bbls at $8.75a9 for common to good State, $9a9.12½ for mixed to good brands Upper Lake, Michigan, Indiana and common to good Ohio, and $10.15a11 for extra Genesee; the latter price is obtained for favorite brands of double extra, long and favorably known. Southern Flour lower, and quite dull and heavy, especially the low grades, these are offered freely. [illegible]

GRAIN—There is little Wheat offering. Market quiet and prices nominal. Rye is quiet at $1.37a1.40 for Jersey and river. Barley is scarce and nominal. Oats are firm at the advance and in fair demand [illegible]

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

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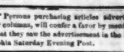

A very convenient style of frame for Clergymen, Public Speakers and others who require glasses for reading only, and not for distant view.
McALLISTER & BROTHER, Opticians,
(Lately removed from 48 Chesnut Street,)
At their new store, 194 Chesnut Street, opposite Masonic Hall,
Our priced and Illustrated Circular of Spectacles, with a few Remarks on their Use, furnished on application, and sent by mail free of charge.

WINNER'S Collection of Violin Music.
" Complete Violin Method
" Popular Flute do.
" Improved Accordeon do.
The above are the best works of the kind ever published. They contain the latest and most popular Polkas, Cotillons, Waltzes, Songs, &c., arranged in the easiest manner. Any of the above will be sent by mail, free, on the receipt of 50 cents in stamps or money.
CHARLES H. DAVIS, Bookseller,
No. 62 North 6th St., Philada.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell an article that meets with general favor, and pays a profit of 200 per cent. For particulars, address, post paid,
POMEROY & CO.,
Albany, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—In every County [illegible] to sell THE UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD FROM THE CREATION TO THE YEAR 1780, by John Von Muller. Revised and [illegible] down to the present time by W. H. Murray, Esq. [illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
[illegible]
LEWIS LADOMUS,
[illegible] Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]
B. FRANK PALMER,
[illegible] Chesnut Street, Philada.

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,
(Late MORE & GALLAGHER,)
MANUFACTURER OF WROUGHT AND CAST IRON RAILING, VERANDAHS, ARCHITECTURAL AND ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS,
S. W. COR. OF RIDGE AVENUE AND BROAD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

CANCER.
[illegible]

NEW AND WONDERFUL HYGEANA.
[illegible]

CRYSTAL BUILDING
F. H. SMITH.
[illegible]

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.
[illegible]

DAGUERREOTYPES!
[illegible]

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
A. WINCH,
[illegible]

THE YOUNG FOLKS' GLEE BOOK, NOW READY.
[illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
[illegible]
IMPORTED FRENCH and DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED FURNITURE,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters,
[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

[The London Times' correspondent of The Tribune, recently said that Tennyson could not write on the "Charge of the gallant nine-hundred," as his lyric, which we take from the London Examiner, is reference, of that occasion.]

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered:
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare
Flashed all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but, not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell
While horse and horsemen fell.
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When shall their glory fade?
Oh the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

A. T.

Selected Articles.

AHASUERUS,
THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM.

Every one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the origin of this legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, relates one which was current in the East during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—This year (1228) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. And he repaired to St. Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto martyr, he was received with honor by the abbot and the community. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rules and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioning, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who received as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, I presume of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord king's clerks—then replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the pretorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkeepers, reached the cherry to behold a sight so contemptuous voice:—Walk faster, Jesus, why dost thou tarry?" Then answered the Christ with a severe and sorrowful look:—I will walk it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming." He remained to the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. He cannot be absent. In the day when he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he awakes restored again to youth. He was converted to the Christian faith, and baptized by Ananias, the same who baptized Paul, receiving in baptism the name of Joseph. He resides generally in Armenia. His conversation is pious and edifying. The bishops are his close associates. He talks but little, and only when his society is sought by high dignitaries of the church, and by holy prelates. But then his grave sentences detail respecting the Passion and resurrection of Christ," &c.

The Eastern tradition is somewhat different from the above, and it is supposed by some to be more ancient, although it is not clear on what grounds. This version supposes the Jew to have been a shoemaker at Jerusalem, named Ahasuerus, and that after his baptism he received the name of Buttaeus. Here is the veritable legend, as embodied in a letter written in 1619, by Christoforous Dubliacus, of Westphalia, to one of his friends in the East:—In the year 1547, M. Paulus von Eitzen, Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and Bishop of Schleswig, was attending service in a church at Hamburg, on Sunday during winter, when he saw, most conspicuously in the old low nave, a man who had wandered through the world ever since the Passion of Christ. He appeared about fifty years old, and in stature—being but little hunched up over his shoulders. He remained during the sermon, and listened thereto with much devotion. On hearing the church the doctor entered into conversation with him. The Jew self-named had evidently that he was born at Jerusalem, where he exercised the trade of a shoemaker—that his name was Ahasuerus—and that he had been present at the Crucifixion of Christ. Afterwards he talked of the Apostles. Then he added, that Christ, wishing to rest against the wall of his house, on account of the heavy weight of the cross, he had repulsed Him rudely; and bade Him go His way, when our Lord made the reply recorded in the Gospels. This Jew was very quiet and discreet in his manner. If he happened to hear any one blasphemy, he exclaimed, with a sigh, that it was deep anguish. Oh, unhappy man, why dost thou thus abuse the name of the Lord, and thy exact instructions? If thou hadst seen, as I did, how heavy and how bitter was the agony of Christ, for those who saw and for none—how wonder rather suffer the greatest evils than blasphemous His holy name! When Ahasuerus was offered to him, he never took more than two shillings, and of that even he gave a part to the poor, declaring that he was not allowed to keep anything which God had supplied to him. He was known to himself. Wherever he partook of food, he always spoke the language of the country, even at the time he was himself known to be a stranger Nation. There are many people of quality who have seen this Jew in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Poland, Austria, Spain, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries; he also in Germany, at Embeck, Worms, Dantzig, and Konigsberg. In the year 1575, two ambassadors of Holstein, and particularly the secretary, Christopher Kotzer, met him at Moskow, and became in figure, age, manners, and costume. In the year 1599, he was at Vienna, and in 1600 at Lubeck. Many persons also saw and conversed with him in the year 1601, in Livonia at Courcar, and at Mentcow.

Such is the legend of "Der Ewige Jude"—the *Everlasting Jew*. Like the story of St Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the commencement of the fourth century—and it must have profoundly impressed the heart of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melanchthon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communities. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of woe, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none, and more wretched by the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

The power to be dispersed the right to grieve.

He has passed, "like a shadow, from land to land," with the "pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul." His memory stretches far back, "down the long generations," unbearing everything of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whom last reproachful look still haunts his agonized soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can reunite. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, never into his "desolate land;" but still the Everlasting Jew shall journey his "pilgrimage of woe," until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chant the dirgesong of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in superstitious ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as *Le Juif errant, véritable du Juif errant, qui depuis l'an 33 jusqu'à présent a toujours vécu, et vivra éternellement*, and, lastly, more genius were fascinated by its mysterious grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his Memoirs, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the "characters of Ahasuerus" with the curious expressions of old Hans Sachs. Several others would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which clusters in the history of the Wandering Jew, as the product of an eternal sorrow.

THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The subject was brought to mind by hearing a mechanical whistle by the parent of a pupil, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school, neglected because he was poor, and comparatively friendless.

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended school in the town of ——, where the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school shabbily clad, ragged garments—but they were the best he had—he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in this manner, he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Soon after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and I, too, had changed my buttered partner. The ragged condition of his garb gave me a remedy that he whose acquaintance and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance, was overlooked by the « outer covering" of rags. He seldom, if ever, left the other children, for they seemed to shun him, but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The boys had a habit of going into the street, while other boys, in better garb, were allowed to remain in. On one school, George Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him as « idle boy&lquo; to be out and play with the rest. They were involved so much in study, and consequently so much in the love of it, that they seem to be so much engaged that